



The Angel Band

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THE ANGEL BAND.

POEMS

BY

MRS. NANCY ROSS.

"Poetry and music are the flowers of the soul."

1893



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PREFACE.

I began writing these poems soon after the war and have been writing at intervals ever since.

When I write about the dead, so called, I generally write as though they had spoken, or were speaking.

N. R.

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N. R.

*“A light shone in the window
And a Band of Angels sung.”*

The Angel Band.

REFLECTIONS UPON SEEING A RAINBOW.

Ah! see the rainbow's beauteous hue,
An emblem of a heavenly view;
Fair scenes beyond that bow doth lie
And fairer, brighter is the sky.

Oh! could you see those heavenly scenes
Your heart from earth would soon be weaned,
If you could view that landscape o'er,
On earth you'd wish to stay no more.

Wars no more invade our breasts—
We are not troubled with such pests;
The rivers flow o'er those fair plains,
And joy and peace forever reign.

Joy and peace and love divine
Unite our souls, unite our minds;
We've come, we've come, an angel band
We've come from that fair summer land
Where all is one bright summer bland,
And death will never come.

THE ANGEL BAND.

Our shining robes of purest white
Far excel the sun's fair light ;
A golden harp within our hands
We've come, we are an angel band.

Our robes of purple, gold and blue,
Far excel the rainbow's hue,
A crown of pearls adorn our brows,
The angel band is with you now.

The rain is gentlest showers descend,
And all the angels say "amen"
The warmest and the gentlest showers
Descend upon our heavenly bowers.

Our cities do in grandeur stand,
And flowers bloom on every hand,
They bloom, they bloom in gorgeous dyes,
They bloom beyond these earthly skies.

In that fair land, the queen of flowers
Often form our heavenly bowers ;
It rises in the fairest form,
And with scarlet flowers it is adorned ;
Its odors scent the heavenly air,
We twine its flowers in our hair.
The snow ball trees in groves are seen,
But not so beauteous as our fair queen.

It's there you'll find the thorny rose,
An emblem of your earthly woes,
The rose is ne'er without the thorn,
Fair roses do your earth adorn.

No winter sweeps e'er those fair plains,
But summer doth forever reign ;
The lightning's flash the thunder's roar
The tornado's winds are heard no more.

We have a city in that land,
Constructed by the angels' hands,
Surrounded by most beauteous groves
And guarded by the poets' love.

We've come, we've come, an angel band,
We've come from that fair summer land
Where all is one bright summer bland,
And storms do not come.

THE POETS.

The poets in days of yore
Many of them were very poor.
And lived in meanly cots, 'tis said,
And often earned their daily bread ;
But now we live in fairer homes
And often to your earth we come
To bring glad news of our fair land,
We've come, we are an angel band.

THE LAUREL CROWN.

I care not for wealth or noble birth,
The toys and fashions of the earth,
But I would wear a crown,
The laurel wreath of fame,
Of glory and renown.

I'd mount the stars' and sun's fair light,
I'd wear a robe of beauty bright,
Its glittering stars should be fair to view
And all the world would want one, too.

I'd heal the sick at my command,
I'd spread the truth all o'er your land,
I'd cease the ocean's boisterous wave,
I'd save you from a watery grave.

The dead should raise at the sound of my voice
And all the earth would then rejoice ;
I'd blight the fig tree in its bloom,
And I'd disperse your midnight gloom.

The blind should see, the maimed should walk,
And you should with the angels talk ;
A bruised reed I would not break,
The smoking flax I would not quench.

And I would raise the fallen foe,
I'd do it too where e're I go,
I'd heal the torn and the broken heart,
I'd free them too from every smart,
I'd give them wealth, and joyous health,
I'd lead them to the throne above,
I'd lead them to their God of Love.

The mountains would move at my command,
I'd plant the flowers all o'er your land,
I'd stay the very whirlwind's breath,
I'd drive away your fears of death,
And I would stay the lightning's flash,
I'd bring you to your God at last.

Your prisoners, too, I would release ;
I would establish here my peace,
And all your wars I would dispel,
I'd drive them to the lowest hell.

And I would raise the fallen head,
And I would give the poor their bread,
I'd plant the truths within their breasts,
And I would give them heavenly rest.

This gift to others I'd impart
And joy and peace should fill their hearts ;
I would establish here my name
And every tongue should speak my fame.

I'd paint the rose a deeper hue,
I'd lead you through yon ether blue ;
I would establish here your King,
And all the earth with His praise should ring.

He'd be like the lowly Nazarene,
He'd not be like a British Queen ;
His banners, too, He would unfurl,
He'd proclaim the truth to all the world.

And I would rule the very earth,
And to new thoughts I would give birth,
For I would stop the thunder's roar ;
I'd plant the lilies 'round your door.

The very lion and the lamb,
Should walk around throughout your land ;
The beasts and birds should know no fear,
When angel bands they are so near.

I'll lead you on to Venus' plains,
There you'd behold no galling chains,
For there, they no blood do spill,
They never do their brothers kill,
Nor beasts, nor birds, nor anything,
For they do have a God-like king.

I'd have you walk in wisdom's ways,
And I'd prolong your earthly days ;
I'd rule you with progression's rod,
I'd beautify your earthly sods,

I'd rule you with a sword of love
I'd bring it from the Courts above ;
I'd scatter errors from your land,
I'd do it, too, on every hand ;
I'd rise to the pinnacle of renown
And I would wear the Laurel Crown.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

Obeys the laws of health divine,
And then my friend,
You'll quickly find
That health and beauty are combined.
What harms you always shun,
And cultivate much fun

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. BOYD.

He is gone, a spirit set free,
To walk the shores of eternity ;
No more sorrow, no more pain,
Death is his eternal gain.
He may think as he walks those eternal shores,
Of the dear ones left behind,
How he'd like to speak to them once more
Loving words and kind,

And tell them of his home in that land of youth
Of its beautiful flowers and fairy bowers,
Of its joys, and love, and truth,
And of the noble souls that swell the throng;
Of its fadeless beauty and perpetual song.

And, oh! how his heart will throb with joy,
When the time in the future shall come,
When he'll meet those loved ones
On that beautiful shore,
Where parting words are said no more
And sorrow no more is found.

LINES TO MY SISTER PHEBE.

Dear sister, thou dost send thy mind
Away on wings of thought,
To blend together with my own
With many a well wished fraught.

I know our souls doth oft commune
Though space doth intervene,
No walls so strong can chain the mind,
To me like God it seems.

How oft I feel thy tender love
Reach out to me so kind,
In the holy bonds of a sister's love,
It doth my heart entwine.

How oft my mind doth wander back
To childhood's happy home ;
When among the flowers and green clothed fields,
We hand in hand did roam.

Oh ! nay, dear sister don't forbear
To view a scene so loved and fair,
As childhoods home,

When parents loved with smiles did greet,
And tried to guide our wandering feet,
In paths of right.

Our sisters, too, did cluster 'round,
In the holy bonds of friendship found,
To cheer us on.

Our brothers too, so kind and good,
Love surely is a heavenly food,
For all mankind.

Our father dear has been called home,
Among the heavenly fields to roam,
Our brothers too, and sisters dear,
Who oft our earthly home did cheer,
Some have gone.

Our mother aged and worn with care,
Whose brow was once so fresh and fair,
Is left to us.

Oh ! nay, dear sister, don't forbear
To view a scene so loved and fair,
As childhood's home.

THE ANGEL BAND.

The earth is clothed in beauteous hues,
Joys are in store for me and you.
Let's drink at heavens own fount of love,
Sent from the Holy Courts above.

Let gratitude inspire our minds,
And to Godly deeds may we be inclined;
Let's tread the straight and narrow way,
That leads to everlasting day.

TOM BROWN.

Tom Brown has just arrived in town,
And we are all so glad;
We've teased and taunted him, until
He's got most awful mad.

Now, Tom, he loves to spark the girls,
And hug and kiss them too,
And if you'll listen patiently,
A tale I'll tell to you.

Now there's little Katie Hazelet,
Tom takes a liking to;
Says Tom one evening, "Katie dear,
I'd like to spark with you."

But Katie, she was very wroth,
And on poor Tom did frown ;
Says Katie, " With the likes of you
I'll neither sit up nor down."

But Tom he plead most valiantly ;
Says he, " Katie dear,
If you will only spark with me
You shall not shed a tear.

" I've peanuts in my pocket,
And candy a stick or two,
And I would give a thousand worlds
If I could spark with you."

But never a bit would Katie spark,
And so poor Tom was sad,
And all the boys, they laughed at him
Till he got most raging mad.

And so he dressed the broomstick up
And sadly went to bed,
And hugged and squeezed the thing so hard
He almost smashed the bed.

WINETTA.

Winneta, the fairest of the fair,
Whose lily brow
Unclouded by sorrow and care,
Sends greetings to her own
True mother.

THE CHILDREN'S BOUQUET.

SUGGESTED BY CHILDREN'S DAY.

The rose, the loveliest flower that grows
Is guarded by a thorn,
But beauty's brow, you know my friends,
Is guarded by its charms.

The lily, next in purity
Has won our admiration,
For purity in all its forms,
Without regard to station,
Is sure to win the hearts of all
Of this great glorious nation.

The pink's perfume and violet's breath
Are sweeter friends by far,
Than all the spices of the south,
That roll in Nectar's car.

The asters, too, and hollyhocks,
Their beauties none can tell,
Their silent language speaks to all,
"He doeth all things well."

The daises and the buttercups
That cheer our lonely way,
Are dearer to this heart of mine,
Than power's mighty sway.

TO DELLIE.

Oh ! Dellie, my darling,
How are you just now ;
The days are so long
And so lonesome, I trow,
Since I saw your dear face
And heard your sweet voice,
That cheered me so often
And made me rejoice.

I hope you are well when this reaches you,
And that Etta, my darling,
Will always prove true
To one that's so worthy and faithful as you.

Let's not grow old,
But let's all stay young,
We'll drive away all care
And let Old Age be hung ;
Let's all be rosy cheeked
And round and dimpled chinned,
We'll cast away all sorrow
And let joy and pleasure in.
Let's all be blithe and gay
And happy while we can,
We'll override Old Melancholy
And walk in Pleasure's van

SCAMPER AWAY, OR LIFE AS IT IS.

Scamper away my little prig,
The world at large don't care a fig
Whether you live or die.
There comes my little darling May,
Her face is bright as a sunshiny day ;
And little Willie Spaulding has also come,
And to my work I now must run ;
My dinner got and such things through,
A few more words I'll write to you.

My quilting now I must begin
Amidst the general household din ;
My company I'm afraid will come
Before this quilt is half-way done.
Now little Dellie wants to eat,
I must again rise to my feet,
His little wants I must attend ;
To children's wants there are no end.

And to my quilt again must go ;
The world at best is but a show,
It's cares, and toils, and endless strife
Oh ! who would be a useless wife,
To sit in the parlor all day long,
Do naught but sing some silly song,
Or bang away at the piano keys

And let the world around her freeze
For want of smiles and duties done—
Naught but a pest beneath the sun.

And now my feet I sure must warm
For fear a cold will do me harm ;
Now little Ella Mead has come
And asks for May, in childish tones,
I told her she had gone to school,
I hope she'll learn the golden rule.
Her little gloves, she's left with me,
She found them on the Christmas tree,
Her aunty put them on she said ;
Oh, cunning is her flaxen head !
While she goes out unto the barn,
I hope that naught will her there harm ;
Oh ! here she comes all bright and gay
Although it is a wintry day.

Now she has gone, oh ! who'll come next ?
They do my very life perplex ;
My quilt I know will ne'er be done,
Such a life as this I fain would shun.
My gloves, my little Dellie wants,
And patched and worn are his old pants.
Oh ! 'tis enough to wear me out,
Although I once was young and stout.
And joys I had in plenty too
Though fagged and worn I stand by you ;

THE ANGEL BAND.

The days of youth no hand can stay,
We all must see our wintry day.

This subject now, it must be changed
And happier ones come in its range;
Now little Ella has returned,
My very face with anger burns
To think that I am overrun,
I know this rage will spoil my pun.
What if my husband should come in
And find this house in such a din?

But now the children all are gone
And I have got my feet quite warm,
And to my quilt I now must go,
Or I fear 'twill be my overthrow
To loiter around in this foolish way,
Oh, dear! what will the neighbors say?

The girls from school just now have come,
Just at the setting of the sun,
Our supper o'er and such things through
A little more I'll write to you;
The evening passed with social friends,
So now at last this day's work ends.

January 26th, 1869.

RECOLLECTIONS; OR, THE OLD BROWN HOUSE.

Long years have fled since that glad time
When youth rang out its joyful chime ;
The old brown house has tumbled down,
The place with moss and ivy's crowned.

Joy and laughter long have ceased,
Long years ago has fled my peace ;
My father sleeps within the tomb,
Our dear old home is filled with gloom.

My brothers and sisters are scattered around,
And silence reigns on the old play ground.
Oh ! never again shall I behold
Those days of youth and joys untold,
Or see around that hearthstone fair
My little sister's golden hair.

My mother now is old and worn,
For many children to her were born ;
Her days on earth will soon be o'er
And we will see her form no more.

But God is merciful to all,
He knows what's best and whom to call ;
He knows our wants, He knows our needs,
And 'tis His hand the raven feeds.

He'll guide us all along the way,
He'll guide us while on earth we stay,
He'll guide us to that fair, fair land
Where all is one bright summer bland.

LINES TO A FRIEND.

Helena, how oft your mind wanders
And fain would choose one from among the
joyous crowds,
That would banish care and sorrow, and every
dark forbidding cloud
From the horizon of your almost new born life ;
Who oft would use the half enchanting word, my
own, dear wife.

But alas ! it seeks in vain,
For a heart that would enthrall and chain
Your love within its fond embrace,
And present an ever welcome face to thee.
But hush ! who knows but the future,
The unknown future, holds within its' folds a heart
that yearns thee.

One that shall throb in unison with your own ;
A dark eyed, manly form,
One that shall be worthy to bear the name
Of husband to thee.

One who will shield you from the dark storms of life
And guide your frail bark through its' dangers and
 strife ;
Who will go with you too, o'er the river of death,
And you'll join the glad throng in the homes of
 the blest.

ALBUM VERSES—LINES WRITTEN TO A FRIEND.

How oft my thoughts doth turn to thee in feelings
 most divine ;
Fond memory flings her armor round this heart of
 mine.
Thy spirit oft doth blend with mine in holy, holy
 love,
I feel its genial rays of light as from above.
Though clouds of sorrow shade our way and hide
 the sun's fair light,
Yet hope, the star of destiny, sends fourth its wel-
 come light.
It whispers us of future joys, of pleasures yet to
 come,
It arises in our horizon, a new born sun ;
Without its cheering light, how drear would be
 our way ;
How bright the sun doth shine when the clouds
 have passed away.

THE MOTHER'S VOICE.

The dirge of death is very sad
But sadder still to you,
For now, you hear no mother's voice,
No mother's form you view.

The charms of earth are very sweet,
Its beauties fair to view,
But Death, he visits all, dear Frank,
Sometime he'll visit you.

But if you're only ready, Frank,
Gird on the armor well;
Mark heaven for your happy home
And shun the gates of hell.

Your pathway will be smooth, dear Frank,
The waters will not drown,
And you will reach that shining shore
And wear the victor's crown.

You'll walk the New Jeruselem
And sing the seraph's song;
Sing praises to our heavenly King
Among that blood washed throng.

Your pilgrimage, dear Frank,
On earth will soon be o'er,
And your yearning heart
Will be satisfied upon that blessed shore.

So now farewell, dear Frank,
Be kind and good and true,
And heaven's gates will open wide
Their shining folds for you.

And Theresa, too, my own dear child,
My love I cannot tell,
I warn you, too, my dearest child,
To shun the gates of hell.

To walk in wisdom's holy ways
And tread her paths of peace,
Is the only way to get to heaven,
And all your joys increase.

So now farewell, my own dear child,
May joy and peace you bind ;
Be kind and good and true, my child,
And heaven at last you'll find.

YES, INDEED

My husband's very kind to me,
His face I'm very glad to see,
Yes, Indeed !
He often lingers by my side,
And loves me as when first a bride,
Yes, indeed !

THE ANGEL BAND.

He brings me everything that's nice,
And calls me his own dear, true wife,

Yes, indeed!

He buys me dresses bright and gay,
And brings to me when he's away,

Yes, indeed!

He loves to see me dress and go
And cut the biggest swell and show,

Yes, indeed!

He fills our home with smiles and joy,
He loves our only darling boy,

Yes, indeed!

And when his welcome step I hear
It cheers my heart, he is so dear,

Yes, indeed!

He never tries to rouse my ire,
But he always builds the morning fire,

Yes, indeed!

He spends his evenings by my side,
And is a true friend and guide,

Yes, indeed!

THE NEW YEAR.

(Written shortly after the close of the war.)

The new year's come, the old has sank
Into oblivions breast,
Never more to be recalled
From its eternal rest.

The new year's come and let's all strive
To see who'll win the crown,
The laurel wreath of fame
Of glory and renown.

The new year's come, let's all renew
Our enegeries the right to do,
And ever onward to progress
In wisdom and in holiness.

The new year's come, and it has found
Our nation now at peace,
The bloody garments caused by war
Are things that are of the past.

The new year's come, and may we still
In peace and safety dwell,
And to all wars, both far and near,
May it be our last farewell.

The new year's come, and may our prayers
Go forth upon the morning air,
To praise the great eternal cause,
To praise his wise and holy laws.

TO A MOTHER UPON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Your lovely flowers have passed away,
Your home that once was bright and gay
Is shrouded now in grief and gloom,
For your baby boy sleeps in the tomb.

Put by his crib and other things,
For his merry laugh no longer rings,
His loving voice no longer heard,
For hushed and still is your baby bird ;
His little toys no more he'll need,
For your baby bird has flown, indeed.

You'll miss his patient little face,
His baby ways and childish grace
That filled your heart so oft with joy,
Your pretty darling baby boy.

Oh ! who can tell a mother's love
That she feels for her baby dove,
Or feel the grief that fills her breast
When her sweet love is laid at rest.

Oh ! there is none but Him on high,
His angel bands are oft so nigh,
He'll soothe your grief—all's for the best,
Though your sweet baby is laid at rest.

His messengers are from on high,
His angel bands are oft so nigh,
They've borne your white winged dove away
To tread the bright and shining way.

But he'll return to you again,
To cheer your heart and soothe your pain ;
They'll bring from that land so fair,
They'll twine sweet flowers in his hair,

They'll bear him on the wings of love,
They'll bring him back, your baby dove.

When night hath thrown her mantle round,
And silence hush is most profound,
God's angels do their vigils keep,
They always guard you in your sleep.

They'll bring your white winged dove along,
To cheer your heart with his glad song,
And sweet peace will give you rest,
And you will know all's for the best.

JOE'S MESSAGE ; OR, AS THOUGH HE HAD SPOKEN,
GIVEN MARCH, 1881.

Dear Joe, why do you stay away,
Why don't you come to us to-day ?
Dear mother, I'm not far away,
Upon this blessed Christmas day ;
The time is passing swift away
And I am with you here to-day.

Pray do not feel so sad and lone,
For I am not far from you gone ;
My home is in a brighter sphere,
And I am happy, happy here,

My weary feet no more will tread
Among the hills, among the dead
But joy and gladness doth abound,
In this bright world no thorns are found ;
We're all repaid for suffering here,
God wipes away the mourner's tears.
I only wish you all were here
In this bright world so free from fear ;
But never mind, the time will pass
And you will come to me at last.

Dear Sadie, I have often kissed
Her rosy cheeks, and thought how blest
We all would be in this fair land,
With joy and peace on every hand.

Dear father, too, feels sad and lone
Since his two oldest sons are gone,
But father, never mind, you'll come
To this fair land and greet your son ;
The gates of death you'll easy pass,
And you will come to me at last.
Dear friends, pray do not for me morn,
For I am not far from you gone.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

Oh ! lady, I pray you lend an ear
Unto my mournful story
Of want and woe, of care and grief,
And youth's fair fading glory.

I once was fair and young as you,
And my parents loved me dearly,
But age and care have banished youth,
And want I show most clearly.

My home was in a pleasant vale,
The stars they shone so brightly,
For care and grief they had no place
For peace was with us nightly.

But sad's the day and lone's the hour
I left that cozy nest ;
But God, He ordereth all things,
They say all's for the best.

But lady, how could you forbear
From asking alms when you
Had scarcely a dress upon your back,
Or upon your feet a shoe ?

When your little ones were ragged,
And your home from want forlorn,
And every day you almost wished
That you never had been born.

When your husband, too, was sick and worn,
And your children in their beauty,
Oh! lady, how can you refuse—
It is your sacred duty.

PROPHETIC.

Riches and honor shall be thy lot,
Though homely and humble was thy childhood's
cot;
Murmer not at Heaven's decree,
For joys and pleasures shall come to thee.

Though the pathway may seem rugged and bare,
Yet fruits and flowers shall flourish there.
When the dangers are over, and the summit
attained,
And the pleasures of friendship and honor are
gained.

Then the eye shall behold the dark valley below,
While the curtains of heaven are all in a glow;
And the hour of midnight shall be as the day,
When reforms shall have washed all the dark
stains away

From our nation's fair brow, and her glory shall be
As the sands of the desert and the leaves of the
tree.

LINES WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Mrs. Seely, I'm no poet you know,
But I'd advise you to gather flowers
Wherever they grow ;
Don't think too much upon spiritual things,
But let your home with joy and laughter ring ;
Cultivate fun and frolic,
For you know, my dear Hattie,
It's good for the colic.

THE DEVIL.

The devil went one day unto
A happy Maying party,
Says he, " I'll raise the devil there,
Ha, ha ! you are my hearty ! "

Now there was Tom and Dick and Bill
And all the pretty lasses,
A romping o'er the greensward grass
Just as the devil passes.

Says he, " Now I will have some fun
Out of those lads and lasses,
For I will tie the greensward grass
Before each lady passes ;

And then upon their nose they'll fall,
Those lads and pretty lasses,
A little dreaming who is near,
When I, the devil passes."

And so he tied the greensward grass
Before each happy lover
Could e'er discern his movements there
Among the grass and clover.

They said, "Now we will have a run
In yonder grass and clover."
And so each lady starts away
With each her happy lover,
A little dreaming of the snare
That lurks among the clover.

And down upon their noses they fall
Among the grass and clover,
Each lady clinging close unto
Her now unhappy lover.

Then scrambling cried, "Some awful wretch
Has tied the grass and clover
Across our path to spoil our joy,
The dreadful dreadful creature."

"Now we will search him out at once,"
Cried each unhappy lover,
"For he is surely, surely hid
Among the grass and clover."

And so at once the search began,
All for the dreadful creature ;
But he had hied himself away
From out the grass and clover

Uto a lovely shadey nook,
And meditating over
What he had done in yonder field
Among the grass and clover.

Now, who do you think the devil was
That tied the grass and clover,
In yonder field across the path
That caused each happy lover
To fall skersplash upon his nose,
Among the grass and clover?

His name was Ned ; he went to bed
That night a feeling sober,
When he thought of the mean trick
That he had done among the grass and clover.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Since we are parted, do not mourn
Thoughts of meeting in time to come ;
Every day our minds engage
Pleasant thoughts for our youthful age ;
Heaven hath blessed us in our love,

THE ANGEL BAND.

Every day that blessing proves ;
Now let us strive to wait that hour,
Heaven hath decreed by its all-wise power ;
Everything in its time will come,
And I'll lead you to your angel home ;
There we ne'er shall part no more,
How blest we'll be on that happy shore.

LITTLE PEARL.

There was a flower that God had given,
Its soul was pure as the snow that's driven
Across the heath and across the moor,
And is an enemy to the poor ;
When winter winds blow their northern blast,
And summer days are gone and past.

It bloomed, 'tis true, in a garden fair,
And sweetest odors filled the air,
While sister flowers bloomed and throve,
And all around was peace and love.

This flower so pure of heavenly birth,
So soon was called away from earth
To swell the bright and heavenly throng,
And with the angels live among ;
Till her dear friends do cross the tide,
And all shall reach the other side ;

God knows what's best to do,
And trials he will send to you,
He's called your little flower away
To tread the bright and shining way.

Now let me advise you, dear friends, while you live,
And daily God's bounty you always receive,
To think of life's lessons and ponder them o'er,
And ne'er turn the needy away from the door ;
Remember God's blessings are sent to you here
To aid and to comfort the sick and the poor,
And this you must do if you'd reach that fair shore,
Where sickness and sorrow and death are no more.

If you would go and see dear little Pearl,
And live in that fair and heavenly world,
Where the flowers are so fair, and the fields are so green,
And the most beautiful landscapes that ever was seen.

God's painted them all in his own way and time,
His love is eternal his hand is divine ;
In that fair land are the mansions of rest,
Their joys are eternal in the homes of the blest ;
Come now my dear friends let's tread the bright way
That leads to dear Pearl and where beauty hath sway,
Where glories eternal around us shall shine,
And we'll bless the dear hand that is ever divine.

BERTIE AT GRANDMA'S.

Bertie is a rogue, the darling little elf,
He climbs, sometimes 'tis true, upon grandma's pantry
shelf;

He dives into the closets, falls down the cellar stairs,
And then he pouts his little lips and puts on manly
airs.

He startles grandma from her sleep in the great arm-
chair;

Goodness sakes alive! he's been cutting off her hair.
He's chased the hens into the parlor and broke the
looking-glass;

Now, young man, grandma'll have to spank your —
pants.

He pulled the cat's tail almost off, and roused old
Nero's ire,

And the greatest wonder in the world is that he does'nt
set the house on fire.

Now, up and down the stairs he goes, his busy little
feet,

Then he almost screams, "Grandma, give me some-
thing to eat."

Now, to the barn he goes, on mischief he is intent,
The cows, and calves, and pigs come next, when other
things are spent.

He rides the cows, and calves, and pigs, and drives
them by the tail.

When suddenly grandma comes out with a couple of
milk pails,

And says, "Young man, what are you doing, what are
you about,

What have you been doing to that pig's snout?"

"Been putting potato bugs on it."

"Oh! Bertie how could you do that, after you have
almost killed the poor old cat?"

Then little Bertie said, "I was playing horse,
I thought I would ride old Red and Sukey and the pig,
I know grandma, you don't care a fig
If I do ride them."

But grandma, full of ire, poor, patient grandma
Never could stand that after he had almost
Killed the poor old cat and the dog,
And his other mischiefs too;
I'll tell you for its true,
Grandma spanked his — pants.

OUR LITTLE GIRTIE.

So bright a gem as Girtie, on earth was ne'er designed
to stay,

So sweet the hours passed and all seemed bright and
gay,

While her sunny smile lit up our home with joy,
And her tiny little hands were so eager for each toy.

She was an angel in our sight—our joy and pride the while ;

Oh ! how her loving nature did the weary hours beguile ;
But God has called her home, a heavenly place to fill ;
He knows our wants, He knows our needs, and this
aching void will fill ;

To teach us some great lesson this affliction he has sent,
His ways are mysterious, but for good they are intent.

Her father will miss her love—her bright and happy smile,

As to his home he would retire to greet his darling child ;
He'll see her empty cradle, he'll see her empty chair,
He'll miss her in a thousand ways, she was so bright
and fair.

We loved her, oh ! so dearly, that our life was given
nearly

To save her from the tomb.

But God saw fit to call her and with her we had to part ;
It rent the cords asunder, it almost broke my heart.
But I know our darling liveth in the heavenly courts
above,

Where the angels sing forever, and all is peace and love.
I know some day I'll meet her in that heavenly land
so bright,

Where the Lord never sleepeth, and the angels know
no night.

Where there are perpetual fountains flowing o'er those
fairy plains,
And joy and peace together, forever they do reign.
I know I soon shall meet her, the time will quickly pass,
When I, too, shall be called to cross that sea at last.

TO EDA.

Though the days may be long and lonely the hours,
And the sunshine of life is withheld from thy bowers ;
Yet remember the promise the Lord hath declared,
To the righteous and faithful and him that's prepared ;
Bright promise of peace and a haven of rest,
In that beautiful land, in the homes of the blest.

DROPPED IN THE HARNESS.

Two jolly sports, one Sabbath day,
Unto each other thus did say,
Says Clell to Charlie, " Let's have a lark,
We'll ride all day till after dark.

" We'll hire Bowman's old grey horse,
The sleighing's good ; you'll go of course."
Says Charlie, " Yes, I think I will,
But you, old boy, must foot the bill."

THE ANGEL BAND.

Says Clell, "I will if I can get her cheap,
We'll drive so fast the old gal can't sleep."
And so upon the Sabbath day
To have a lark they rode away.

Straight way to Plumer without delay
These jolly sports did wend their way;
A jolly time in Plumer had,
Then started home, says Clell, "My lad
We'll make it in the shortest time,
We have not any hills to climb"

They drove away at the highest speed,
They drove till the old mare fell down indeed,
Fell dead in the harness, so they say,
Staggered and fell upon the way;
These noble lads were then obliged
To haul the sleigh instead of ride.

MORAL.

Now, my lads, when you go for a lark,
Don't drive so fast upon the start,
But let your horse have time to breathe,
Although your ears and nose should freeze,

DEATH.

What is death but change, a change from old to new;
"Ye must be born again," your Savior said to you.

Death is an angel fair that opens the door to bliss,
The pathway of the angels to a fairer land than this.
The casting off of garments old, and putting on the new,
The birthright of the angels of a fairer brighter hue.

The king of terrors, he should not be,
For he'll take you o'er that blissful sea,
And with the angels you'll exclaim :
Oh ! grave where is thy victory gained,
Oh, death ! Oh, death ! where is thy sting ;
As through our earthly sphere did ring.

Death is an angel fair,
A garland of flowers he always wears ;
A welcome guest he should always be,
For he'll take you o'er that golden sea ;
He'll take you to a higher sphere,
He'll take you to your friends so dear.

Just listen to his silent feet,
He makes the heaven and earth to meet,
He always blends the two in one,
Oh ! God thy heavenly will be done.

THE SUNSET.

Oh ! see the sunset's golden hue,
The pathway of the angels true,
For the straight and narrow way
That leads to everlasting day.

But dark and gloomy is the road
Which by sinful men is trod,
But do not judge your brother here —
By love and kindness draw him near.

Our Saviour said in days of yore :
“I condemn the not, go sin no more.”
But let your heart with pity melt,
As though his sorrows felt ;
And take your brother by the hand
And lead him to that heavenly land.

TO EDA GILLETT.

Dear Eda, you are walking now
In life's bright flowery way,
With parents kind and loving friends
To cheer you on your way.

But don't forget the Saviour dear,
His foot-steps follow still,
Then you may walk the path of life
And never fear an ill.

The storms of life may gather round,
And lightnings flash on high,
But if you put your trust in God,
And to Him e'er draw nigh.

The storms of life, he'll banish all,
Your pathway will be clear,
And loving friends will gather round
Your lonely hours to cheer.

March, 1882.

THE SUMMER TIME.

Oh! the glorious summer time,
All its beauties are divine;
See the lovely hills
Clothed in radiant green,
And all the pretty flowers
With their golden sheen.

All nature's decked in beauty,
And our spirits should be bright,
With all its glorious beauty,
And all its golden light.

The birds that sweetly warble
Through the summer air,
Should fill our hearts with gladness,
And banish all our care.

And oh! the blessed rain
That comes to feed the earth,
Like hope, the brightest star,
That to all flowers give birth.

THE ANGEL BAND.

And oh! the weary travelers
That travel here below,
Whose hearts are filled with sadness,
And whose lives are weal and woe.

Look up, ye son's of toil,
To God who rules on high,
He'll ne'er forsake the faithful,
He hears the raven's cry.

THE AUTUMN.

1882.

(Lines suggested by Mrs. Mary A. Wilhelm)

Though the glories of summer
Are freighened away,
Yet the beauties of autumn
Are with us to-day.

In her gorgeous apparel
Of gold, red and brown,
Like a queen of great beauty
Our forests are crowned.

How blithe and how happy
The boys hie away
To gather the chestnuts
For winters cold day.

When the snow shall envelope
Our landscapes in white,
And time seems so long
In our cold wintry nights.

The farmers look forward
To a season of rest,
When their crops shall all be harvested,
From the east to the west.

And plenty hath crowned
Their labors at last,
When the spring time is gone
And the summer is past.

Oh! think not of winter
So cold and so bleak,
With its cold benumbed fingers
And frost bitten feet.

Nor of the poor and the lonely
When weary and sad,
Whose lives are all desolate
And whose forms are half clad

But think of the autumn
With its rich harvest store,
Which makes our hearts glad
Though the summer is o'er.

BILLY THE BUTCHER.

Oh, say! have you heard of Billy so brave?

His father is a butcher you know;
And when money is scarce, and no cattle they've got,
Then away to the "soup house" he'll go.

He labors all day in the dust and the noise,
But he's brave and kind-hearted and true;
And labor's an honor to every one here,
Though often disliked by the poor.

Oh, say! have you heard of Billy's nice girl,
That he takes to the parties sometimes;
She's the fairest and sweetest that ever was seen,
Though it often takes all his spare dimes.

She dresses in fashion and cuts a big show,
But Billy likes that all the same,
She can dance like a fairy and laugh like a queen,
And Billy can tell you her name.

Oh, yes! we have heard of Billy so brave,
And his father's a butcher 'tis true;
That he works in the "soup house" mid the dust and
the noise,
And his heart is both loyal and true.

Oh, yes! we have heard of Billy's nice girl,
That he takes to the parties sometimes;
That she is the fairest and sweetest he thinks,
But he never begrudges the dimes.

That she dresses in fashion and elegant taste,
There is no one would dare to deny;
But Billy my boy don't be caught in a trap,
And Billy, my boy, mind your eye.

TO A MORNING GLORY.

All hail thou lovely queen,
The glory of the morn,
The first to greet our weary gaze,
And to our Father's Throne our hearts to raise.

The emerald green doth deck thy brow,
And gird thy slender form,
Thou petted child of earthly birth,
The glory of the morn.

Thy sister flowers doth cheer our way,
And elevate our minds
Above the sordid cares of earth,
And make our hearts rejoice
In an immortal birth.

ADDIE.

How little we dream in life's fleeting hours,
When we bask in the sunshine of pleasures sweet
 bowers ;

Of the pain and the sorrow for us is in store,
Of parting with loved ones we ne'er shall see more.

How little we dreamed that the fair bridal flowers,
Would wither so soon in life's sunny hours ;
That she that we loved, so soon would be gone,
Her bright happy life cut off in its morn.

Our Addie was dear, so dear to our hearts,
How little we dreamed that so soon we should part ;
But death the destroyer invaded our home,
And took our fair Addie. Alas ! she is gone.

JOHNNIE HEASLEY'S MESSAGE ; OR, AS THOUGH
HE HAD SPOKEN.

Oh ! mother dear, why should you fear
Anything on earth you hear ;
Where God's love is overspread
And His heaven is overhead,

Don't let the cares of life perplex
And the ills of life you vex,
But just sail on, with your little crew
Until the heavenly port's in view.

Bring Laura, and Jönnie, and Pet along,
And I will teach them my glad songs ;
Bring father too, and Alice dear,
And I will all their pathway cheer.

And your darling self, more dear to me
Then all else could ever be ;
We'll walk the heavenly fields above,
And sing the ransomed songs of love ;
We'll wear the golden crowns of peace,
And God will all our joys increase.

August, 1881.

TO MY DEAR OLD AUNTIE.

WRITTEN FOR MRS. G.

Dear auntie, we are quite well,
But I work so hard no tongue can tell
How much I suffer from day to day,
As I walk along this earthly pathway.

But, auntie I will not complain,
As long as a living I can gain,
And God gives me health and strength to work
I will not my duties shirk

Dear auntie, how I'd like to peep
In your little room so warm and neat ;
A pleasant talk we'd have together,
Of old times and friends, and home and weather.

Dear aunt, I know you'd like to see
John and Lida as well as me ;
Our town has grown quite dull indeed,
But still supplies our wants and needs.

Ritta's little daughter, Eda is with me now,
She's grandma's joy and pet, I trow,
Her loving heart and girlish ways
Remind me of my own young days.

She's fourteen years old, perhaps you know,
The time goes so fast and yet so slow,
It seems scarcely more than a day
Since she was a little wee baby.

Ritta, too, is with us here,
He doth my lonely hours cheer ;
He's helping his pa to fix the wells
And will probably stay here quite a spell,
Elisha is busy from morn till night,
Helping to fix the wells aright ;
I will bid you now, dear aunt, adieu,
Hoping soon to hear from you.

ROUSEVILLE, PA., March 21st, 1882.

LET'S NOT GO BACK.

Let's not go back to old time creeds
With all their musty lore,
But let's be foremost in the ranks
Of modern thought and power.

Let Reason be our guiding star
In all our journeyings here,
For when we yield her powers up
There's none our frail bark to steer.

WE COME, DEAR DORA.

When evening shadows fall around you,
Then we come with blessings rare;
Then we come from homes celestial,
Where the days are always fair.

Oh! how sweet the blessed mission
Of the angel world to this,
As they come from worlds elysian
To sweeten all the toils of this.

Yes, we come and see you darling,
Know your every thought and care,
Kiss your darling little baby,
Smooth her cheek and stroke her hair.

Yes, we'll watch you always darling,
Try to cheer your earthly life,
Try to smooth your pathway always
Midst this world of care and strife.

The snow is falling, falling upon my mother's grave.
It is wrapping the earth, as it were, in a winding sheet.
Oh! unwelcome visitor to thousands of hearts, God be
merciful to the poor, to the rich, who have thousands,
winter is a season of pleasure.

ROUSEVILLE, December 15, 1882.

THE WINTER TIME.

Oh! the dreary winters time,
I wish its terrors were not mine;
See the rugged hills wrapped in spottless snow,
And hushed are all the pretty streamlets,
That in summers time did flow.

Nature's no longer clothed in beauty,
To make our spirits bright,
And all its golden glories
Are turned to winter's night.

The birds no longer warble
In through the summer air,
But fiercely blows the north winds
To hasten all our cares.

And oh! the unwelcome snow
That comes to chill the earth,
Like poverty and want
That to all miseries give birth.

And oh! the weary toilers
That travel here below,
How wretched are their lives
As they go to and fro,

The rich man in his luxuries
No cold nor hunger feels,
He folds his arms in idleness
Around his heart of steel.

But the angels look down with pity
Upon the suffering ones of earth,
And they hasten to their cries of want,
And to their lowly hearth;
Their shining robes that glitter,
Are brighter than the sun,
As they hasten to obey his call,
And say, "Thy will be done."

NONSENSE.

Nonsense! nonsense is my theme,
And I will tell you now my dream:
Last night I lay upon my bed,
While funny things ran through my head;
I dreamed I was upon the dance,
And oh! how I did jump and prance;
With Dan and Charlie round I went,
And many a glance of love I sent;

My over-skirt off it came,
And to the bed-room away I ran,
But I came back in a minute or two,
And that's the last I'll tell to you.

I have a secret yet in store
About my dress how it got tore ;
What will you give if I'll impart
This awful secret of my heart ?
Only a quarter, did you say ?
Then you'll have to call another day ;
For such a sum I'd not impart
This awful secret of my heart.

Oh ! five dollars did you say ?
Then I'll tell it to you to-day ;
How Jim and I rode out, on night,
The horse took an awful fright
As we were riding past the grove,
And talking all about our love—
About how we'd get "spliced" some day,
When dad was done a making hay.

How to the parsons we would go,
And to the world we there would show
How the thing should be done,
And the horse started on a run,
He ran, I tell you, at an awful rate—
Jim says, "How's that for Kate."

The words he scarcely had got out
When, thumpety bump, we both fell out ;
My dress caught on a snag, I think,
As we both fell skersplash into the drink.

ON THE DEATH OF INFANTS.

God sends the sweetest flowers
To chase our cares away,
And then he calls them to his home
To bask in endless day.

The weary ones of earth,
How oft their sigh is heard,
But the happy voice of childhood
Is like the singing birds.

'Tis well he calls them home
From every strife and care,
To that world eternal
Where all is bright and fair.

Ere their tiny little feet
Have learned the paths of sin,
And their guileless hearts
Have turned like stone within.

Ere shadows gather round their brows,
And sorrow sits enthroned,
And darkness shrouds their earthly lives
And fills their earthly home.

WE MISS THEE.

We miss thy merry laugh,
We miss thy smiling brow,
We miss thee in a thousand ways,
Our own, our darling boy.

We miss thee at the even tide,
We miss thee at the morn,
We miss thee from the cottage bed
Where nightly lay thy precious head.

No more we see your cap and coat
A hanging in their place,
No more around the evening meal
We see your happy face.

Your little sled no more you'll draw
Upon the well trod snow,
Your little friends will miss thee, too,
Wherever they do go.

WILLIE.

Willie is a little witch,
Although he is a boy,
I'm sorry for to say it
But he's nothing but a toy.

His father is a merchant,
And sells his various wares,
But Billy is a scapegrace
And goes to all the fairs.

He tries to make good bargains,
While clerking in the store,
He says, "I'll give you so much
But not any more."

I'll tell you what he did
Last summer in the shade,
He sold out lots of ice cream,
That he and John West made.

And then he took the cash,
There's no knowing what he done,
I dare say he spent it
With Johnnie West, his chum.

He goes to school in winter
And plays his various tricks,
And then he goes a skating
On Sandy's little creek.

We know he's full of mischief,
We know he's full of fun ;
We know his father, Ellice,
After the pretty girls did run

THE ANGEL BAND.

But I'll tell you all about it,
That Willie's good withal ;
You know, my dear young friends
There's harm in playing ball.

We hope, some day he'll fall in love,
With a fair and pretty girl,
Her hair it shall be sunny,
And in bright ringlets curl.

He'll live to be an old man,
And do us lots of good,
But he'll not forget the fun
He had in his boyhood.

MY NEIGHBORS.

I have six neighbors in a row,
I live above and they live below ;
First, Mrs Jennings, I'll describe,
She was once Pat Jennings' bride,
Little Mamie is her only child,
And Patrick sometimes gets wild.

Mrs. Smith lives next in the row,
She loves Scott and Gracie, too ;
And next to her is Mrs. Gall,
With her four children, cats, dogs and all.

Mrs. Engle, she lives next,
I don't know what can her perplex,
Her husband he's so very kind
That love and peace their lives combine.

Mrs Johnson lives next to the last,
And she can talk so very fast ;
Her son Marshall, too, is not so slow,
And to see his Nettie he'll often go.

Mrs. Lancaster lives last in the row,
She has a husband and children two.
Now my friend if you'd chance to go
Up and down this merry row,
My neighbors I am sure you'd like,
For they scarcely ever quarrel or fight.

OUR HOME.

Our home is delightful,
'Tis a haven of rest,
Where the poor weary wanderer
Forever is blest.

Oh ! the memories that cling
To its hallowed walls,
Are dearer to me
Than jewels or gold.

THE ANGEL BAND.

The sports of my childhood
Were all here enthroned,
And joys without number
Encircled our home.

My father and mother
And sisters so dear,
That formed the loved circle
In those bright happy years,

Are scattered and gone
By times ruthless hand,
And only two are now left
Of that once happy band.

My companion so kind, and so
Dear unto me,
Is fading like blossoms
From a beautiful tree.

His footsteps, once light,
And manly and strong,
Are growing less buoyant
As we journey along.

And I feel that my own strength
Is beginning to fail,
And my cheeks, once like roses
Are now turning pale.

We all will soon pass
To that beautiful shore,
Where we'll meet with those loved ones
Who have gone on before.

And others will tread
The land of our home,
And time will roll on
When our journey is done.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

Dear Dora, I received your letter,
My health, I think, is a little better ;
Daisy too is well and strong,
And says her head is full of songs ;
May wants to stay all winter long,
And they have asked her her visit to prolong.

We've bought a house upon the hill,
It's very nice and papered well,
It's lathed and plastered too,
And painted nice all through and through ;
There's two rooms above and four below,
Besides a closet and pantry too ;
Pa says it six hundred cost,
But the man sold it at a fearful loss,
For we only fifty gave,
And with it a nice garden have.

Dell has gone to Olean
To earn all the money that he can ;
I have a girl I like quite well,
She's very good, her name is Nell ;
Earle goes to school and learns quite fast,
But there's no telling how long that will last..
The refinery now is in our row,
And Sweland, he doth make it go ;
Pa works in the barrel factory now,
Although it's cold and stormy too.
ROUSEVILLE, PA., October 25, 1881.

HOME.

"There's no place like home."

The joys that cluster round the hearth
Exceed all other joys on earth,
To see around our hearth-stone fair,
Your little cherub's golden hair,
And oh ! the mystic ties that bind,
No other place on earth you'll find.

When night hath drawn her curtain round,
And silence's hush is most profound,
Then to your home you would retire,
And sit around your love-lit fire ;
The storms and blasts might sail in vain,
They'd have no power to cause you pain,
For love would shield you in that hour
Against their wildest, rudest power.

A VOICE FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

WRITTEN FOR MRS. BURNS

Mother, it's a word you'd have from me,
Some lines in poetry,
About how I pass my time
In this fair and lovely clime.
My time I pass most pleasantly,
And am quite jolly as you see ;
There are three score, ten thousand,
That have come along with me,
Who were cut off quite early.
You ask, was the conductor to blame ?
That's a question quite plain ;
That's a question he should decide,
In such matters God should be his guide.

Mother, dear mother, I wish you were here,
I'd kiss your dear cheek and speak words of cheer ;
I know you'd be happy in this beautiful world
Where Heaven's fair banner is always unfurled ;
With father and many dear friends gone before
You soon would forget all your sorrows of yore.
Father, dear mother, is a much better man,
To lighten your burdens he does all he can.
We have pleasures and joys unknown to you here,
In this beautiful world with the angels so dear.

Mother, you know the time will soon come
When your trials on earth all will be done,
And you'll come to us in this beautiful land,
You'll take your dear brothers and friends by the
hand ;

You'll bid farewell to the trials of earth,
And you will rejoice in this heavenly birth.

Mother, I never have wished myself back,
God bless the conductor and old railroad track,
That carried me over the river of death
To this beautiful world in the homes of the blest.

Mother, I know that your trials are sore,
That your anguish is much and your life is a bore,
I know that you languish and pine for a rest,
But mother, God knows what's for the best ;
Your work is not done, that's what they say here,
But be of good comfort my own mother dear,
The skies may grow bright, perhaps in a day,
And all your sorrows be scattered away.

God's banner, dear mother, is always unfurled,
O'er this, my own mother, and all other worlds ;
His love is eternal, His work's never done,
He'll gladden your heart at your setting sun ;
Now mother, farewell till we meet again
Where love, joy and peace forever do reign.

MOTHER'S LETTER.

LINES WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Dear children, you must kindly treat

Each other while I'm gone,

You know our home is very dark

Without your father's form.

He was the chosen of my youth,

In that bright and happy morn,

When all the flowers seemed to smile

And bright the waving corn.

The path of life has rugged grown

Since age has banished youth,

And all the sweet flowers have seemed to fade

Just like the days of youth.

Now, Annie, you take good care

Of all the things you know,

Till I return, which won't be long,

And so must Mary, too.

And if your father should come home

Before that I return,

Make everything as pleasant as you can,

Just as I'd have done.

Don't be afraid to stay alone

For God will guard your sleep ;

He'll send His angels bright and fair

Who will their vigils keep.

September 2, 1881.

TO MY DAUGHTER, MARYE TE.

LINES WRITTEN FOR MY FRIEND, MRS. G.

Dear Maryette, the time is fleeting,
Fleeting fast away, a few more years
And all that's here will pass away ;
And these mortal bodies
Will be laid away in the silent tomb,
And the Master will call our spirits
To their eternal homes,
And say, dear Maryette, say,
Are we prepared to go ?
Are our lamps trimmed and burning,
And are our garments pure and
White as the snow ?
Have we obeyed the Saviour's loving voice ?
Have we cheered the lone and weary ?
Have we made their hearts rejoice ?
Have we followed in his footsteps
O'er the thorny path of life ?
Have we given up the pleasures
With which the world is rife ?
Are we prepared to go
When God shall call us home ?
Can we lay our garments by
And say, " Thy will be done ?"

THE SEASONS.

January's the month for cold and storms ;
February's winds, they whistle on ;
March, it brings a warmer breath ;
April pronounces cold winter's death ;
May is the month for poets' song ;
June, it brings the rose along ;
July's sun sends warmer rays ;
August brings more sultry days ;
September brings our harvest store ;
October proclaims that summer's o'er ;
November brings its storms along ;
December comes with Christmas songs.

Spring comes with warm and genial rays ;
Summer brings her joyous days ;
Autumn comes with all its store
And says to man, "your summer's o'er" ;
Cold winter comes with chilling breath
And says to all, "prepare for death."

THE REBUKE.

Oh! brother why didst thou refuse
To obey the heavenly call,
Prosperity and happiness
- Would then around you fall.

THE ANGEL BAND.

Why shouldst thou fear the face of man,
Which naught but else than clay,
How couldst thou drive
The heavenly messengers away.

We come to aid and bless your life,
And make you happy here,
And if you'd only tread the path,
You've naught on earth to fear.
Why bury up your talents rare
Beneath an earthly soil,
And thus the heavenly messengers,
Their purpose you would foil.

Arouse, arouse your energies,
And gird your armor on
To fight a world of prejudice,
We'd have you now begin.
Oh! burst the bonds of prejudice
And let your thoughts go free,
Show to the world the mighty works
Of love and purity..

JUST OVER THE RIVER.

Just over the river so fair
The angel's are waiting to greet you,
Just over the river so fair
We are waiting to meet you.

Dear father and mother,
Friends, sisters and brother,
Just over the river so fair
We long to meet you,
Just over the river so fair
A happy band will greet you.

We know that your hearts
With sorrow is riven,
I will draw your thoughts
Upward to heaven,
To tread a valley so fair
In passing over the river.

Oh! the valley of death is so bright,
Oh! it was like a sweet slumber to me,
As I was passing over the sea
To meet the angels so bright.

Oh! mother don't weep for me,
For I am with the angels so bright,
My absence I know you will mourn,
But I am not far from you gone;
I have thousands of pleasures
Unknown to you here,
My pathway, bright angels,
Will always be ready to cheer.

CHARLIE ROSS MESSAGE.

TO DELLIE.

The days of youth go fleeting by,
And its bright joys will soon be o'er,
But if you walk in virtue's path
You'll reach the heavenly shore.

Manhood's days will soon come on
With all her cares and toil,
And oh! we'll sigh for those bright days
When we were only boys.

February, 1882.

LITTLE MARIAN.

WRITTEN FOR SISTER LOIS.

Our precious little rose-bud,
Plucked by death's own hand.
With angels she has gone to live,
She's joined the angel band.

Our darling little May,
The joy and pride of all,
So soon was called away,
But death will summons all.

Scarce three summers had she lived
Upon this earthly sphere,
But she has gone, sister,
To live with angels dear.

You oft will see her little things,
And think of her eyes of blue,
But think of her as an angel,
That oft times comes to you.

Her merry laugh, her prattling voice—
But do not weep, my sister dear,
She's joined the angel choir.

Her little brother will miss
Her busy pattering feet,
And oft he'll sigh and say,
Oh! where's my sister sweet.

Her father too, oh! who can tell
The grief a father feels,
And oh! the loneliness
That o'er his heart strings steal.

Her sister, ah! how lonely,
She feels the stroke I know,
But it was the will of God
That your sister thus should go.

Oh! do not weep, my sister dear.
She's joined the angel throng,
And often with dear angel friends
Unto you she will come.

FANNIE BARNSDALL'S MESSAGE. AS THOUGH SHE
HAD SPOKEN.

Dear father, I've come from my fair angel home,
To pluck the pale flowers which by death has been strewn,
I've come on the wings of the true turtle dove
To sow in your hearts the seeds of God's love ;
I've come on the breeze of the newly born year,
I've come to my earth home your lone hearts to cheer ;
I've come o'er the wisdom capped mountains of love,
I've come from my home of beauty above.
Dear mother, although I am absent in form,
I've come on the breeze of this beautiful morn ;
I've brought the loveliest garlands of flowers,
Plucked and entwined from those beautiful bowers ;
I'll crown your loved brows with chaplets of flowers ;
I'll show you the path to those mansions above,
I'll lead you along with a daughter's fond love
Until you the pathway hath found,
To that beautiful landscape where love doth abound,
And there your dear Fannie you will then embrace,
You there will behold her dear angel face.

THEODORE VANE.

Theodore Vane is a lovesick swain,
And so he's at his courting again ;
He's courting the girl that lives in the lane,
And we all know he's a lovesick swain.

A lovesick swain is Theodore Vane,
He goes a courting through sunshine and rain.
Through sunshine and rain,
Though the nights are dark,
Theodore will always have his spark.

MRS. RAYMOND.

Mrs. Raymond's very proud,
She feels herself above the crowd ;
She dressed, too, sometimes in silk,
And when a girl, she was a jilt.
But now she's moved into this State,
I will bet a silver plate
That all her silk was in the "soak",
From her bonnet to her cloak.

A PROPHETIC TEMPERANCE SONG.

Oh! we're a happy temperance band,
As we go hand in hand up the hill of time.

Oh! won't we make the echoes ring,
As we gladly shout and sing
Our happy temperance songs?

"Old King Alchahol is slain,
And he'll ne'er come back again
To disturb our joys.

“ He once held sway both night and day
Throughout our happy land.

“ But now he slumbers in his grave,
And o’er our land no more he’ll wave
His flag of death.”

Oh! we’re a happy temperance band,
And we’ll sing throughout the land
Our happy temperance songs.

TO MRS. BECK.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

A friend in need is a friend indeed,
We’ll find as we journey on,
But pleasant dreams and a life serene
Is not for us all to have.

But my varied life as sister and wife
Have been both useful and true,
So I’ll not complain nor any one blame
For all the suffering I’ve endured.

But I often find those most inclined
To take the needy in,
Are those from the humble walks of life,
The widow, perhaps, or the poor man’s wife
Who toils for her daily bread.

I've often thought I'd like to find out
Which are the kindest and true,
The rich man with his stores of wealth,
Or the weary and toiling poor.

Last summer I was sick,
And in order to regain my health
I sought the city.

I had heard a great deal of the Free Methodist,
About their being so good, true and kind,
And this is why my mind
Towards them was inclined.

I was told that a widow in the city dwelt,
She was not rich and many a pang of sorrow
And of want had felt ;

I visited her, I told her my story,
That I was seeking for health,
And that pennies, not dollars,
Composed my whole wealth.

I found a friend in her indeed,
A woman's heart should always plead
For those who are in want and need,
For the angel's look with pity upon
The suffering ones of earth,
And they hasten to their cries of want,
And to their lowly hearths ;

Their shining robes that glitter
Are brighter than the sun,
As they hasten to obey his call,
And say, "Thy will be done."

A LETTER FROM HEAVEN.

Grandma Taylor, my friend, is happy and well,
Having luckily escaped the dangers of hell.

Green are the fields and sweet are the bowers,
And gladness and joy fill each happy hour;
No pain or sorrow o'er pathway is strewn,
For pleasure and beauty are eternal our own.

We look upon life with a happier view,
When freed from earth's cares that are always with you;
We know the great Giver deals justice to all,
Though the sorrows of earth doth often appall
The strongest and bravest and those we love best,
But we know in His wisdom that all's for the best.

My friend, when you cross the great swelling tide,
And meet all your friends on heaven's fair side,
We'll clasp our glad hands and sing the bright strains,
All free from our cares and sorrows and pains.

We'll sing the glad song of the ransomed and free,
As we sail o'er life's ocean, how happy we'll be.

A SONG.

Sweetest joys on earth depart,
Sadness oft times breaks the heart ;
The fairest flowers will fade away,
And all that's here will soon decay.

CHORUS.

Then come dear friends and join our band,
We're just from that sweet summer land,
Where all is one bright summer bland,
And death will never come.

CHORUS.

Joys in heaven will ne'er depart,
Sorrow never breaks the heart ;
The flowers there are of fadeless dyes,
And death will never mount the skies.

GEM THOUGHTS.

See your star gemmed skies at night,
Heavens own orbs of dazzling light ;
Behold yon arch, the milky way,
All their Creator's powers display

WRITTEN DURING A THUNDER STORM.

Oh ! see the lightning's flash.
Think of the thunder's roar ;
Just listen, hear the rain in torrents pour. .

TO A FRIEND.

Genial companions are agreeable associates. They fill our spirits with sunshine ; they open the avenues of our natures to pleasing reflections ; they remind us of a beautiful fountain, whose sparkling jets reflect a thousand sunbeams, whose source is as exhaustless as the oceans.

TO HARRY.

A wife may be loving and friends may be kind,
But there's none in this world like a mother you'll find.

ROBERT IRVIN'S MESSAGE.* . .

MARCH, 1881.

LINES SUGGESTED BY HIS DEATH.

Oh ! listen to my mournful song
Of sorrow and distress ;
To think that I was called away
In manhood's prime and best.

To leave my darling little ones,
My poor and lonely wife :
And just for a few small rabbits
I yielded up my life.

* He was accidentally shot while hunting.

My life was very dear to me,
Though a poor and laboring man,
I struggled hard with poverty
But was still a happy man.

The days they glided swift away,
And all was joy and peace;
My wife tried hard to lighten all,
And all my joys increase.

But there's a word I'd say to all;
Be careful of your life,
For I would give a thousand worlds
Could I be living with my wife.

AUGUST, 1881.

But God hath lightened my poor life
And sunshine doth abound,
Where darkest shadows filled
My heart, and sorrow there was found.

My dearest friends, oh! do not think,
That God will curse to die
His children here when called so soon
To yonder heaven's sky.

Oh! no, His mercies doth abound,
And He will bless us all;
No soul so dark but his bright love
Will beautify us all.

THE ANGEL BAND.

LINES.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF LITTLE ANNIE EATON,
WHO WAS KILLED ON THE BRIDGE AT PETROLEUM
CENTRE, NOVEMBER 28, 1877.

In the month of November, one beautiful day,
When all nature was calm and the winds seemed to say :
“Come, listen to me, I have something to tell
That will soften your hearts, remember it well ;
'Tis mournful and sad, a most pitiful tale
Of a horrible accident that occurred on the rail,
At Petroleum Centre, that once famous town,
Whose glory and riches have long since gone down.

“In a dearly loved home not far from the town,
Among the high hills and close nestling down,
Lived dear little Annie, the light of that home,
Where death and great sorrow had never yet come ;
The morning in question, so blithe and so gay,
To hasten to school she wended her way,
With her papa to take her the bridge safely o'er,
The work of a moment, just a few rods from their door.

“But before they had reached it, I here will relate,
They met a young friend, who a request there did make,
She said, ‘I will take little Annie the bridge safely o'er.’
Her request was then granted and they then said no
more.

Then hastening on they hoped soon to reach
The end of the bridge, scarcely either did speak ;
But before they had reached the farther end
The nine o'clock train came rushing along.

Without warning or signal of ringing the bell,
Or sounding the whistle, that's what they all tell,
The children ne'er heard it till the bridge it was in,
Then the rush and the roar and confusion and din,
And then the poor children tried hard to escape,
But dear little Annie, alas ! was too late,
She stumbled and fell across the hard rail—
Oh ! whose heart will not soften at this mournful tale.

The train was too near to stop at such speed,
And dear little Annie was run over indeed ;
No tongue can describe her parents great woe,
When her poor little body was severed in two.
Come all you fond parents who have children dear,
Remember the Lord, him to love and revere,
He taketh his lambs to his heavenly fold—
To that beautiful city, whose streets are pure gold."

MY NEAREST NEIGHBORS.

PETROLEUM CENTRE.

There's poor old Auntie Butler, now,
She's black as any carrion-crow,

She lives in her old hut alone
Unless some stragling man there comes ;
She gets an honest living too—
By hard work, I believe, 'tis true.

And Mrs. Welsh lives just below,
She sells ale and whiskey, too ;
I would not injure any one,
Or maintain a slandering tongue,
For she's a widow with children three,
And must live like you and me.

And there is poor old Liza Sharp,
She gets her living by hard work ;
She washes for people from day to day.
And to her temper oft gives way.

And there are Ellsworth's just above,
They dwell together in peace and love ;
There's Mr. Ellsworth and his wife,
And little Rosey their joy and life.

Mr. Lacey's I do not know,
Although they go to and fro,
A goodly name I've heard they bear,
And of joys and sorrows have their share.

The school-house, too, is in full sight,
Where all the children have their rights.
There's Mr. Lord and Miss McCray,
They do their duty from day to day.

And little Miss Barker and Gracie Lord,
They always speak such truthful words ;
You never could doubt a word they say,
And their scholars love them from day to day.

My neighbors, I have named them all,
The school included in the roll.

MAUMEE.

Little Kate and handsome Dick,
They'll get married very quick ;
They'll ride to town upon a pig,
And there they'll buy their wedding rig,
And then to Sulphur Springs they'll go,
Chatting all the way so low.

I'VE WANDERED.

I have wandered by the sea-side,
I've wandered in the glen,
I've wandered o'er the mountain tops
Far from the haunts of men.

I have wandered in the city
Amidst the giddy throng,
Where care and sorrow all day sit
And sing their mournful songs.

THE ANGEL BAND.

I have wandered o'er the ocean
Where the foaming billows roar,
And dangers thick beset us
All our journey through.

I have wandered to America,
Far from old Ireland's shore,
And then I wandered back again
To tread her lands once more.

I have roamed o'er old Ireland,
And sang her merry songs,
And straightway for old England
I started out one morn.

I have roamed o'er old England
Among her palace domes,
But I never found a place so dear
As my old Irish home.

LITTLE EARLE.

Now, little Earle is very cute,
The very facts you can't dispute,
His little jokes are plainly seen,
And even his own dear mama he will not screen ;
He plays his tricks both night and day,
And tries to screen himself away.

His papa has a friend he likes,
Whom to his house he oft invites
To spend the evening, pleasant cheer,
And he comes quite often, I do declare ;
To him one evening Early said—
“ Why don’t you come and bring your bed
And stay always ? ”
“ Who said so ? ” the guest inquired,
A feeling a little somewhat ired ;
“ Mama did,” he quickly said,
“ That you’d better come and bring your bed
And stay alway.”
But little Earle is smart indeed,
His prinks and pranks you don’t need to care,
His head’s level, I’ll wager a dime every time ;
He’s our own dear blessed little baby boy,
He’s a regular little man, he’s no toy,
With his big bright eyes and winning smiles,
The cares of life he doth beguile ;
He makes the clouds to pass away,
And brings in the sunshine every day,
He strews the flowers of hope along,
And brightens all with his happy song.

DEAL GENTLY.

Deal gently with the erring,
Speak lovingly and kind,
For, oh ! the hand that made them
Is Godlike and kind.

TO WILLIE.

Oh ! Willie is my darling,
My blessed little love,
Oh ! he is the dearest, the sweetest little dove ;
His little hair is sunny,
His eyes are azure blue,
And his skin is like the lily
Bedecked with the morning dew.
His mouth is like the rosebud
Just opening to the view,
And his teeth like pearls the fairest,
And his cheeks of matchless hue.
His voice it is the sweetest
And his smile it is so rare,
And his little hand so dainty,
That with no artists' would compare.
Oh ! Willie is my darling,
My blessed little love,
Oh ! he is the dearest, the sweetest little dove.

WRITTEN DURING A SNOW-STORM.

Oh ! the merry, merry snow,
Coming down, sometimes fast and sometimes slow ;
Oh ! the merry, merry snow,
Sweetest emblem of purity here below.

How it dances, how it prances, like the joyous thoughts
of youth ;
Now so quickly, flying swiftly, like the merry feet of
youth ;
Now it slackens, thus it packens, like the darling cares
of youth ;
Now it ceases then increases is its volume and its work.
How it flurries, how it scurries all along the western sky ;
How it moves us, how it proves us and will try us bye
and bye ;
Oh ! tis welcome, and we'll prove it with the best of
graces ;
Oh ! we love it and we'll prove it by our smiling faces.
Oh ! the merry, merry snow,
Fairest emblem of purity here below.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Dear Clint, why do you stay away so long ?
I miss your happy voice and song,
That cheered me in those happy days
When boyhoods life was spent in plays.

Why don't you come or write to me,
'Twould cheer my heart
As I sail o'er life's troubled sea.

THE ANGEL BAND.

I miss your footsteps in the hall,
I miss your form within our walls ;
I miss you in a thousand ways
And sigh for those bright, happy days,
When I clasped you fondly to my heart,
And prayed that God would never part
Me from my darling, darling boy,
Whose life and love was all my joy

But those bright, happy days are passed,
And you are gone from me at last,
To tread life's thorny path alone,
And we miss you, darling, so much at home.

But you must write me a good, long letter,
And I know I shall then feel a great deal better ;
And I won't feel so lonesome when you're gone,
And wish so often that you were at home.
I will bid you now, dear Clint, adieu,
Hoping soon to hear from you,

MOTHER.

CORA.

Oh! I am so glad I have passed
To this beautiful land ;
With grandma and Harley
I shall walk hand in hand,

All over these fields of beauty and light,
Where the sunshine of God
Shuts out all the night,
And the birds warble songs
Most melodious to hear,
And the joys of this world
Dries up every tear.

TO VINA.

Dear Vina, the days are passing swift away
And the flowers of earth will soon decay ;
Perhaps you'd like to know what the future has in store
for you,
Whether pleasures, or, whether it is going to be a bore
to you.

Now, Vina, every life has its sunshine and it also has its
shadows,
So don't look for all sunshine without a single shower,
If you do you'll be mistaken, and bleak will be your bower.

Care may fade away the roses and the lily from your
cheek,
But we must all expect to take the bitter with the sweet.

Now, Vina, perhaps you may marry a gentleman, accord-
ing to your taste,
One that wears a moustache and sideburns on his face ;

One that sports a diamond ring and drives a dashing
steed ;

One that lives up to the times and dresses well indeed ;
No common sort of rowdy or ordinary chap,
But one that knows just how to hold the ladies on his lap.

Perhaps you'd like some children, just a few to pass the
time,

To drive away dull care when daddy's not at home.

Two handsome boys and pretty girls, of fair and elfish
grace.

Who would never cause your heart to break, or bring
the blushes to your face.;"

Perhaps you'd like a home, with peace and comforts
both combined,

Where you could rest your aching head and consolation
find.

Perhaps you'd like to live a thousand years or more.

But you ought to be contented with seventy and four.

MATTIE IS NOT DEAD.

Who says Mattie is dead ?

'Tis not death, 'tis life, 'tis resurrection,

'Tis the casting off of garments old, and putting on
the new,

The birthright of the angels, of a fairer brighter hue.

Who says Mattie is dead ?

'Tis not death, 'tis life, 'tis resurrection.

" I would not live always, I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way."

Who says Mattie is dead ?

'Tis not death, 'tis life, 'tis resurrection,

'Tis life, 'tis beauty, it is not gloom

Beyond the portals of the tomb.

Who says Mattie is dead ?

Can God die ; can the immortal spark moulder and
decay,

And all its beauties fade and waste away ?

No, God cannot die, neither can you or I,

We may depart this mortal sphere,

And our friends may weep the bitter tear,

Yet bright beyond these earthly skies,

Where the soul never dies.

We live and breathe the heavenly air,

Where all is bright and fair,

Where sorrow never comes ;

And Mattie cannot die, or weep the bitter tear,

For love and joy reign eternal here

In this bright sphere.

No, Mattie is not dead.

My darling child receives my care,

And I often kiss his young brow so fair ;

His guardian angel I will be,

" And when he shall that narrow sea,

I'll greet him on that blessed shore,
Where we'll meet to part no more."
Mattie is not dead.

We are not gone far far away,
But with our loved ones often stay
To cheer them in this vale of tears,
And banish all their cares and fears.
"Oh! how sweet the blessed mission
Of the angel world to this,
As they come from worlds elysian
To sweeten all the toils of this."
No, Mattie is not dead.

TO MY DEAR MOTHER, FROM LAURA.

Though the way may seem dark and disasters appall,
Yet heaven's fair banner floats bright over all ;
Though your friends may depart for that fair blessed land,
Yet Laura, my darling, will clasp your dear hand,
And will gently and lovingly lead you along,
And will cheer your earth life with her bright happy song,
And will scatter the thorns from your feet,
And will pour in your ear heavenly music so sweet,
And your cares, my dear mother, will vanish away,
And the hour of midnight shall be as the day.

Just think of God's smiles, how glorious and sweet,
They banish our cares and the thorns from our feet,
They'll brighten our pathway o'er the river of death,
Where you'll join the glad throng in the homes of the blest.

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